

SCOTCH-IRISH OF THE
VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

Pennsylvania. The newcomers were, however, soon confronted with the claim of Lord Fairfax that Hite's grant was included in his grant of the "Northern Neck," and that consequently no deed from Hite could convey a good title. The immigrants were discouraged. They could not go back, and could not safely remain where they were. Many of them, therefore, pushed on up the Valley to a region where no lordly patentee claimed title, and where even no Indians dwelt or had wigwams.

John Lewis was the leader of the pioneer band. They could bring little with them—only some bedding and clothing, a few necessary implements, seed corn, and the Bible. Thus equipped—their goods and effects on pack horses—came men, women, and children. There was, of course, no road—only the trails of Indians and buffaloes.

It is a question why Lewis came so far from the Potomac (more than a hundred miles) before he settled down. He passed over rich alluvial lands, and came to the rocky and hilly region near the site of Staunton. Perhaps there was a scarcity of forests and springs of water in the region traversed, and timber and fountains were indispensable. But probably another consideration urged him forward: He had lately had a bloody feud with a lordling in Ireland, and wished to be clear beyond the domain of Lord Fairfax.

In the wake of John Lewis came wave after wave of people of the same race. They climbed the hills, waded the streams, and crept through the forests. Like an invading army they "subsisted off the country." Game was abundant—bears, deer, turkeys, and some buffaloes and elks. For many years there was no lack of fresh meat, and that the first comers had to eat meat without bread for at least twelve months. They located at their will and pleasure on the public domain, built cabins, cleared land, and planted corn.

The land was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

When an individual with his family came to a grove of timber and a gushing fountain, we may imagine him saying: "This is my rest, and here will I dwell." Hardly had they provided shelter for their families, when they began to erect log meetinghouses in which to assemble for the worship of God, with schoolhouses hard by. They believed in God and the Bible, and had a high regard for the schoolmaster, plain and unlettered as most of them were. The majority of them were farmers and mechanics. A few had been merchants. There was not a sprig of nobility nor a so-

called cavalier amongst them. One of them, whose immediate descendants were highly distinguished, was probably a house builder; another, whose posterity have graced the pulpit, the bar, and the halls of Congress, was a ship carpenter; and a third, whose descendants have been equally distinguished, was a weaver.

By the year 1736, four years after the first settlement, many families were located in the region now composing the county of Augusta, and the surrounding country was quite thoroughly explored. So far the settlers were what have since been called "squatters on the public domain." In the year mentioned, however, William Beverley, of Essex County, obtained a grant of more than one hundred thousand acres of land lying "in the county of Orange between the great mountains on the river Sherando." The tract thus granted surrounded the site of Staunton, and embraced all the settlements in the country. But Beverley was a liberal or politic landlord, and speedily made deeds for nominal considerations to all actual settlers for as much land as each cared to have. In the same year Benjamin Borden obtained a patent for a large tract in the forks of James River, west of the Blue Ridge, in the present county of Rockbridge. The first settlers in Borden's tract were Ephraim McDowell and his family, he being then an aged man who had been in Londonderry during the famous siege. He made his home on Timber Ridge, then called Timber Grove.

So far, and for more than twenty years after the arrival of the first settlers, they lived in comparative peace. The Valley had long been deserted by its ancient inhabitants, and the savages who frequently traversed it on hunting or war expeditions were not generally hostile to the whites. The Rev. John Craig, describing the country as it was when he came here, in 1740, says it was "a wilderness in the proper sense," with a few Christian settlers and "numbers of heathens traveling among us," generally civil, but they had committed some murders about that time. They marched about in small companies, calling at any house for food, and sparing nothing they chose to eat and drink.

But the people pined for the ordinances of religion. They could do without roads and wheeled vehicles, fine clothes, and even comfortable dwellings and furniture; these they could wait for; but it was an intolerable deprivation to be without a minister to instruct the living, comfort the dying, bury the dead, and baptize the newborn infants. Being of the Presbyterian faith, they cried to their own people at the North for relief. Accordingly "a supplication

from the people of Beverley Manor, in the back part of Virginia," was laid before Denegal Presbytery, in Pennsylvania, September 2, 1737, requesting ministerial supplies. The Presbytery could not grant the request immediately, but the next year the Rev. James Anderson was sent to intercede with Gov. Gooch in behalf of the Presbyterians in Virginia. The Church of England was established by law throughout the colony, but the Governor in his reply assured the people of his good will, and of the ample protection to which they were entitled under the English "Act of Toleration." All their ministers were required to do was to take the oaths prescribed by law, to register their places of meeting, and behave themselves peacefully toward the government. During that year (1738) Mr. Anderson visited the Valley, and at the house of John Lewis preached the first sermon ever delivered in this section of country.

In the meanwhile settlements had been creeping up toward the eastern base of the Blue Ridge.

Till the year 1738 all the country west of the Ridge was embraced in the county of Orange, whose county seat was some distance east of the mountain. On the 1st of November, 1733, however, an act was passed by the Colonial Assembly constituting the counties of Augusta and Frederick. The latter embraced the country along the Potomac and about seventy-five miles up the Valley, while Augusta embraced much the greater part of the Valley and the country westward as far as the British possessions extended. While, however, the two counties were thus recognized by law in 1738, they can hardly be said to have existed till justices of the peace were appointed and courts were established therein, which in the case of Frederick was in 1743, and of Augusta in 1745.

All the time we have passed over new settlers were coming in. James Patton was an efficient agent in introducing them, and in the course of his business crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-five times. Unfortunately, he introduced many "indentured servants," white people of both sexes, who had been banished from the old country for petty offenses, and who, to a great extent, kept up their evil practices in this new land. But in the latter part of 1739, or early in 1740, there was a great influx of people of the best sort, the very people to wrestle with the wilderness and found a State. Then came John Preston and "his wife Elizabeth" (Patton's sister), Alexander Breckinridge, David Logan, Hugh Campbell, Robert Poage, the Bells, Trimbles, Haynes, Pattersons, Andersons, Scotts, Wilsons, Youngs, and that ubiquitous man who is found wherever

the English language is spoken, John Smith. This John Smith was no myth, but a sturdy captain of rangers during the Indian wars, and almost died of chagrin because the military authorities would not give him a command in his old age, when the Revolutionary War arose. He was the ancestor of Judge Daniel Smith, of Rockingham, and of Col. Benjamin H. Smith, of Kanawha.

Notwithstanding the Indians who prowled around the settlements were professedly peaceful, frequent collisions occurred between individuals of the two races, and a military organization of the white people was perfected in the fall of 1742. William Beverley, although a resident of Essex County, was the county lieutenant, or commander in chief. James Patton was the colonel, or officer immediately in command. There were twelve captains and companies, the first captain in the list being John Smith, and the next Andrew Lewis. Among the captains was John Willson, who afterwards, for twenty-seven consecutive years, represented Augusta County in the House of Burgesses; Peter Scholl, who lived in what is now Rockingham; thirty miles from a public road; and John McDowell, who, with eight of his men, was killed by Indians in December, 1742. The privates were enrolled without respect to age, from boyhood to the extremity of life. The venerable Ephraim McDowell was a member of his son John's company. The number of men in a company averaged about fifty, which indicates a total population in the settled parts of the present counties of Rockingham, Augusta, and Rockbridge (all then Augusta) of about twenty-five hundred.

Population having sufficiently increased, Gov. Gooch on October 30, 1745, issued "a Commission of the Peace," naming the first justices for the county. The county court, composed of the justices, organized and set to work December 9, 1745.

The justices and inhabitants generally were a law-abiding people. They entertained the opinion that law was of no manner of account unless it was enforced. They accordingly searched the statute book for all the offenses of which the court had jurisdiction. Felonies were of rare occurrence—indeed, I have found in the county records no mention of the trial of a white person for felony for fifty years after the first settlement—but other offenders abounded. A jail was soon erected, and shackles, handcuffs, stocks, a whipping post, and a ducking stool for scolding women were provided. Then the new-fledged justices looked out for lawbreakers. The first offender caught was one Edward Boyle, who for damning the

court and swearing four oaths was put in the stocks for two hours and fined two collars. They even fined Lawyer Jones, the king's attorney, "for swearing an oath." They lashed men and women at the whipping post whenever justice required it. The grand juries did their duty. They presented Jacob Coger "for a breach of the peace by driving hogs over the Blue Ridge on the Sabbath." Owen Crawford was presented "for drinking a health to King James and refusing to drink a health to King George." Fortunately for Owen, he effected his escape. But the ducking stool was never used. Why not? I can think of no reason except that there was no deep water near the courthouse. The making of it was an "Irish blunder." I am obliged to confess that a failure to use the ducking stool was not because there were no scolding women in the country; I could mention several by name if it were proper to do so. Of course there are none of this class amongst us now.

Successive grand juries were equally faithful. James Frame was presented for a breach of the Sabbath in unnecessarily traveling ten miles; Col. Thomas Chew, a lawyer, and John Branhams, a deputy sheriff, were presented as common swearers; another person was presented "as a disturber of the common peace of the neighbors by carrying lies, and also as a common lyer;" Valentine Sevier father of Gen. John Sevier, was presented for swearing "6 prophane oaths;" and Samuel Huttis was presented "for a breach of the Sabbath in singing prophane songs." These will suffice to show the determination of our ancestors to suppress all wickedness. It may be safely asserted that few, if any, of these "prophane" people were of the Scotch-Irish race.

The French and Indian war arose in 1754, by which time the population of the Valley had largely increased by births and the influx of people of the same race as the original settlers, with scarcely any admixture of others. It is not for me to relate here the horrors of the period while the war lasted: the assaults by savages on the isolated cabins of the white people, the slaughter of many women and children, and the captivity and sufferings of many more. Nor can I tell of the pursuit of the retreating enemy by husbands, brothers, and sons; of the conflicts on the mountains and in the valleys; nor of the frequent expeditions into the Indian country to intimidate, or even exterminate, the savages. After the fall of Canada there was an uncertain breathing spell—the Indians for a time ceased to invade the settlements. But early in 1763, at the instigation of the celebrated chief Pontiac, the war was renewed with more vindic-

tive fury, if possible, than before. Within a few miles of this town a peaceful settlement was assailed by a band of savages in the summer of 1763, and many people were slain, but none were carried into captivity. In the autumn of the next year the same community was visited again by a murderous band. The number of white people killed in the two invasions was from sixty to eighty, and in the second twenty-five to thirty women and children were carried off, some of whom never returned. When the Indians had recrossed the Ohio and felt safe from pursuit, they stopped to rest and celebrate their achievements. They demanded that the captives should sing for their entertainment, and a Mrs. Gilmore struck up in plaintive tone Rouse's version of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm:

On Babel's stream we sat and wept,

When Zion we thought on,

In midst thereof we hanged our harps

The willow tree thereon.

For there a song requested they,

Who did us captive take;

Our spoilers called for mirth, and said:

"A song of Zion sing."

Late in the year 1764 Col. Bouquet advanced with a large force into the country west of the Ohio, and compelled the Indians to desist from war and deliver up their captives. Two companies of Bouquet's army were from the Central Valley, one commanded by Charles Lewis and the other by Alexander McClanahan. To these were assigned the posts of honor on the march, one going in advance and the other bringing up the rear.

Then followed ten years of peace, and this brings us to the battle of Point Pleasant, on October 10, 1774. This decisive battle, which stemmed the tide of Indian warfare for two years, was fought almost exclusively by Valley men; but we cannot speak of it further.

In the meanwhile, as early as 1749, sixteen years after the first settlement, a classical school had been opened by Robert Alexander, a native of Ulster, educated in Edinburgh, some twelve miles from Augusta C. H. This school was subsequently removed, under different teachers, from place to place, and finally located in the vicinity of Lexington. Here it assumed the name of Liberty Hall Academy, and, presided over by the Rev William Graham, a man of talent and learning, furnished education to many

young men who became distinguished in Church and State. Next it was chartered as Washington College, and now it appears as Washington and Lee University, under whose auspices we have assembled. Long may it continue to diffuse its blessings through the country and the world, a monument to the early settlers of the Valley.

When the war of the Revolution arose the people of the Valley almost to a man espoused the cause of the colonies. I have found only one instance of disloyalty at the beginning of the strife. The person implicated was an Irish Presbyterian ex-minister, who was summoned before the County Committee of Augusta on October 3, 1775. He was solemnly tried and found guilty, and the committee recommended that he should be boycotted by the good people of the county and colony "till he repents of his past folly." That is all that was done, and we hear no more of the offender.

Botetourt County was formed from Augusta in 1769, and Fincastle from Botetourt in 1772; but the latter existed only till 1776, when its territory was divided into the counties of Montgomery, Washington, and Kentucky. In January, 1775, the freeholders of Fincastle, including William Christian, Rev. Charles Cummings, William Preston, Arthur Campbell, William Campbell, William Edmundson, and others, presented an address to the Continental Congress, declaring their purpose to resist the oppressive measures of the British Government. In February of the same year the people of Augusta held a meeting and adopted patriotic resolutions. A similar meeting was held in Botetourt County. No doubt the people of Frederick spoke out in like manner. These were then the only counties west of the Blue Ridge. In the early part of 1776 the County Committee of Augusta adopted a memorial to the State Convention. This has been lost, but from the description of the paper in the journal of the Convention, it is supposed to be "the first expression of the policy of establishing an independent State government and permanent confederation of States, which the parliamentary journals of America contain."* Mr. Bancroft, not referring, however, to this memorial, says: "We shall find that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England nor the Dutch of New York nor the planters of Virginia, but from Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

At the beginning of the war the people of the Valley furnished

* Mr. Hugh Blair Grigsby.

one brigadier general (Andrew Lewis) for the continental line. They furnished also several colonels for the regular army, two of whom (George Mathews and Alexander McClanahan) were from Augusta County. They immediately raised several companies of regulars, one of which, led by Capt. Robert Gamble, took part in the storming of Stony Point, on the Hudson. In 1777, when additional troops were called for, Gov. Patrick Henry wrote to Gen. Washington that seven companies had been raised without delay in Augusta County. My researches have not made me acquainted with the history of other counties in respect to this matter. We know, however, that many of Morgan's riflemen at Saratoga were from the Valley.

But regular soldiers constituted a small part of the contributions of the Valley to the armies of the republic. Her militia were constantly in service from the beginning to the end of the war, under Cols. Samuel McDowell, George Moffett, William Preston, George Skilleen, Samson Mathews, John and William Bowyer, and others. Several companies from Augusta accompanied Col. William Christian in his expedition against the Cherokee Indians in 1776. A large force of Valley men marched to the Ohio River in 1777, and were disbanded there when the news of Burgoyne's surrender arrived—it was no doubt thought the war was over! Two companies from the Valley under Cpts. Tate and Buchanan, were with Morgan at the Cowpens, although history mentions only one. A battalion from Augusta and another from Rockbridge fought at Guilford C. H., and, militia as they were, behaved in the battle like veterans. Several battalions from the Valley served in Lower Virginia till after the surrender at Yorktown.

But it is time to inquire who these people were of whom we have been speaking—of what race? Where did they come from? And why did they come to this backwoods country? To answer these questions we must go back to Scotland, more than two hundred years ago.

The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought on June 22, 1679. It is called a battle, but was rather a rout of undisciplined peasants, who had been goaded to take up arms by the oppressions of the government. A few were killed in the fight; four hundred were slaughtered by the merciless Claverhouse and his dragoons while flying from the field, and twelve hundred were captured. The prisoners were herded like cattle for five months in Grayfriars churchyard, Edinburgh, half naked, half starved, and without shelter.

Those who submitted were discharged; the others, who stood out for the rights which God had given them, were sentenced to transportation to Barbadoes, there to be sold into slavery. A merchant of Leith contracted with the Laird of Barnton, "the man," says the old chronicler, "that first burnt the covenant," to transport the convicts. Two hundred and fifty of them were crowded on a ship, which proceeded on its voyage around the north of Scotland. A storm arose, the ship was wrecked near the Orkney Islands, and two hundred of the prisoners were drowned; fifty escaped, made their way to Ireland, and were not pursued by the government.

Many years before, during the reign of James I., a large number of Scotch people had settled in the province of Ulster, Ireland. "They went over," says Froude, "to earn a living by labor, in a land which had produced hitherto little but banditti. They built towns and villages; they established trades and manufactures; they inclosed fields, raised farmhouses and homesteads where, till then, there had been but robbers' castles, wattled huts, or holes in the earth like rabbit burrows; while, without artificial distinctions, they were saved from degenerating into the native type by their religion, then growing in its first enthusiasm into a living power which pervaded their entire being." The Bothwell prisoners who escaped the shipwreck were no doubt a valuable acquisition to the Scotch colony in Ulster. Let us see who these people were, as far as we can judge from their names. Some of the names are as follows: James and John Clark; John, Thomas, and Andrew Thomson; William, James, Alexander, and Walter Waddell; William and Thomas Miller; John Cochran, Watson, Gardner, Brownlee, Wilson, Craig, Currie, Tod, Wallace, Cameron, Reid, Campbell, Paterson, Young, Finley, Brown, Anderson, Caldwell, Eccles, Lamb, Hutcheson, Ramsey, White, Buchanan, Morison, Montgomery, Ingles, Hamilton, Bell, Henderson, Steel, Houston, Beck, Martin, Scott, Glasgow. These will suffice. How familiar the names are to the people of the Valley! They are our own names, and we do not have to inquire further from what land our forefathers came.

Many Scotch of other names settled in Ulster. There are the innumerable Macs—the McDowells, McClungs, McClanahans, McLaughlins, McKees, McPheeters, McCormicks, McCorkles, McNeils, and others, whose prefix smacks of the Highlands; but of whatever origin, they assimilated with the Lowland stock, and altogether constituted the Scotch-Irish race.

The settlers in Ireland cherished the traditions and preserved

unchanged the manners and customs of the land from which they came, and in a few generations the people of Ulster were more Scotch than the Scotch themselves. They were a thrifty people, and soon became prosperous as farmers, mechanics, and merchants. When the revolution of 1688 occurred they zealously espoused the Protestant cause. They held Londonderry for King William. But they were dissenters from the Established Church, and were proscribed because of their religion. They were not allowed to teach school, they were excluded from all offices, civil and military; marriages by their ministers were declared illegal and void; their ministers were prosecuted for preaching outside of certain bounds, while their hearers were threatened with the stocks. They, however, maintained their loyalty to the Protestant succession. In 1715, when the rebellion occurred in Scotland in behalf of the Pretender, and an insurrection in Ireland was apprehended, they raised several regiments to support the government. Yet, even for this service, they were threatened with prosecution after the danger was over.

At the same time the industry and commerce of the people were systematically repressed. Men of spirit and enterprise could not endure the oppressions heaped upon them. Twenty thousand people left Ulster on the destruction of the woolen trade in 1689. Many more were driven away by the passage of the Test Act. For more than fifty years annual shiploads of families departed from Belfast and Londonderry. The arrivals at the port of Philadelphia in 1729 are set down as 5,655. When the manufacture of linen extended to England the Irish trade was crippled by a duty on sail duck, and this led to another flight of Ulster people to America a few years before the Revolution. The total number of operatives driven out is estimated as 100,000.

The people of Ulster had heard of Pennsylvania as a land of liberty, and to that province they came in large numbers. But jealousies arose in the minds of the original settlers there, and restrictive measures were adopted by the proprietary government against the Scotch-Irish and German immigrants. Hence many of the former, who had landed on the Delaware and tarried awhile in Pennsylvania, were prepared to follow John Lewis to the Valley of Virginia. Thus this region was occupied by Europeans.

And now let us mention very briefly a few of the individuals of this horde of immigrants and some of their descendants.

First, Col. John Lewis, the pioneer. He was born in the reign

of Charles II. and died in the third year of the reign of George III., February 1, 1762. He is described as tall and muscular, and the best backwoodsman of his day. In any community where he might have lived he would have been a man of mark, but he was peculiarly fitted for the new country in which his lot was cast. Not long before his death he wrote his last will and testament, disposing of his worldly estate and commending his soul to the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. His sons (Thomas, Andrew, William, and Charles) all acted important parts in the early history of the Valley. The last-named commanded the Augusta regiment at the battle of Point Pleasant, and was slain there in the flower of his age.

Next comes Col. James Patton, who was born in Ireland, and was killed by Indians in 1755, in what is now Montgomery County, Va. He was a leader of men. Wherever his name appears with others in the annals of the Valley, it is mentioned first. He was first in the "Commission of the Peace," the first high sheriff of the new county of Augusta—an office of great dignity—and first in organizing religious congregations and building meetinghouses. He too in his last will gave expression to his Christian faith, commending his soul to God and expecting eternal happiness through the merits of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The will directed that any question arising in regard to his estate should be arbitrated by the minister and elders of Tinkling Spring congregation. Col. Patton left no male descendant, but from one of his daughters the two Govs. Floyd, of Virginia, descended.

The Rev. John Craig was a notable specimen of the race to which he belonged. Born in Ireland in 1709 and educated in Scotland, he came to the Valley in 1740, and died in 1772. He founded the two congregations called Augusta and Tinkling Spring, his immediate parish being thirty miles long; but he preached, and especially baptized, wherever he went. He began service on Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning, and held on, with a short interval, till sunset. His only printed sermon contains fifty-five divisions and subdivisions. For nine years he kept a register of persons baptized by him, chiefly infants. The whole number is 883, and at the end of each year he ascribed glory to God, "who is daily adding members to his visible Church." Being sent to organize churches among the settlements on New River and the Holston, he reported on his return a surprising number of ruling elders ordained by him; and when asked how he found suitable material for so many, he re-

plied in the idiom of his people: "Where I cudna get hewn stanes I tuk dornacks."

Here we may name other ministers who officiated in the Valley in early times. These were John Brown, of New Providence; Alexander Craighead, of Windy Cove; Charles Cummings, of Brown's Meetinghouse (who emigrated to Holston and there preached and helped to fight the Indians); William Graham, of Liberty Hall Academy; James Waddell,* John McCue, Samuel Carrack, and Benjamin Erwin.

The Scotch-Irish of the Valley furnished few members of the legal and medical professions, but many preachers of the gospel. We can mention only a few: Samuel Doak, the pioneer preacher in Tennessee; Archibald Alexander, George Baxter, Moses Hoge, Archibald Scott, William Wilson, John Montgomery, the two Crawfords, John Poage Campbell, Gideon Blackburn, Thomas Poage, Samuel Houston, William McPheeters—all of the last century. Some of these lived and died in the Valley; others labored elsewhere in Virginia and in the newer settlements of Kentucky and Tennessee.

John Preston lived only seven years after he came to the Valley. His only son, William Preston, was the progenitor of a numerous and distinguished family. He came with his father to the Valley when he was ten years of age, and received most of his education from Rev. John Craig. His official reports and other writings during his mature life show that he was a man of more than usual acquirements for the time and country. He began active life by assisting his uncle, Col. Patton, in his extensive business, and gradually advanced to more important employments. For some years he represented Augusta County in the House of Burgesses. During the Indian wars he was constantly in the field as captain of rangers. When the county of Botetourt was established (in 1769) he removed to that part of the Valley, and was appointed a justice of the peace, colonel of militia, county surveyor, coroner, and escheator. As county lieutenant of Montgomery during the Revolutionary War he rendered important service. With a body of his men, he participated in the battle of Guilford C. H.† The most conspicuous of his descendants who bear the family name is William C. Preston, the celebrated orator and statesman of South Carolina. But his posterity of many names are found in many States,

*Afterwards known as the "Blind Preacher."

† One of his sons, James Patton Preston, was a Governor of Virginia.

and generally preserve in a remarkable degree the traits and characteristics transmitted to them by their ancestor. Many years ago the late Henry A. Wise, a keen and critical observer of men, remarked in my hearing that he had never seen a Preston who was not a gentleman.

Alexander Breckinridge, like his cotemporary and associate, John Preston, lived only a few years after he came to the Valley. He left a large family of sons and daughters. Only one of his sons, however, appears conspicuously in the annals of the country. Robert Breckinridge, the son alluded to, was born in Ireland, and died before the close of the Revolution, in Botetourt County, to which he had removed from Augusta. He was an active and efficient captain of rangers during the Indian wars, and generally an enterprising and public-spirited citizen. His second wife was a daughter of John Preston, and the mother of several distinguished sons. One of them, John, removed to Kentucky, became Attorney General of the United States, and father of the celebrated divines, John and Robert J. Breckinridge. Another son of John Breckinridge was the father of the late John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States.

Robert McClanahan probably came in with the great immigration of 1735 or 1740. He soon became high sheriff of Augusta County, and was the man ordered by the court to make the ducking stool. His wife, the daughter of Alexander Breckinridge, was widely known as one of the strong-minded women of her day. He had four sons and several daughters. Three of the sons were in the midst of the fray during the Indian wars, and one of them, a captain, was killed at Point Pleasant. Another, Alexander, became a colonel in the Continental army when the Revolutionary War arose.

John Mathews was one of the earliest settlers in Borden's grant. His sons, Sampson and George, became very prominent in the Valley. Both were actively employed during the Indian wars, and also in the Revolution. George Mathews, while colonel in the continental line, achieved great distinction at the battle of Germantown, in which he and all his regiment were captured. After the war he settled in Georgia, and was twice Governor of that State. Two of his sons were eminent citizens of Louisiana.

Arthur Campbell, born near Staunton, was baptized by Mr. Craig January 15, 1744. While a boy he was captured by Indians, and detained by them for several years. Soon after attaining full

age he removed to Southwest Virginia, the region called the "Holston," and there spent the remainder of an active and honorable life. His son, Col. John B. Campbell, of the regular army of the United States, participated in the battle of Chippewa, in 1814.

William Campbell, cousin of Arthur, was also born near Staunton, and was baptized by Mr. Craig September 1, 1745. He too emigrated to the Holston and remained there. Nothing more need be said of him than that he was the chosen leader of the men who won the battle of King's Mountain. The Valley claims two of the heroes of that memorable conflict, John Sevier being the other. Although of French Huguenot blood, Sevier was born and reared among the Scotch-Irish, and doubtless caught some of their spirit. William Campbell was made a brigadier general, but died before the close of the war, at the early age of thirty-six. He and his wife, a sister of Patrick Henry, had an only child, a daughter, who was the mother of William Campbell Preston, of South Carolina.

Two of this Campbell stock were Governors of States: David, of Virginia; and William B., of Tennessee. Indeed, there seems to have been an affinity between the Scotch-Irish and the office of Governor.

Benjamin Logan was another Valley boy, baptized May 3, 1743, went to the Holston when he came of age, and from thence to Kentucky at an early day. He was with Bouquet in 1764 and with Dunmore in 1774. In Kentucky he acquired great distinction, and a county was named for him. His son William, who became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Kentucky and a Senator of the United States, is said to have been the first white child born in that State.

The Rev. John Brown's two sons, John and James, grandsons of John Preston, also went to Kentucky. One of them became a United States Senator, and the other Senator and Minister to France.

Israel Christian was a merchant in Staunton and an Indian fighter when occasion required. He represented Augusta County in the House of Burgesses, and was the founder of the towns of Fincastle and Christiansburg, and the father-in-law of Col. William Fleming, Judge Caleb Wallace, Col. William Bowyer, and Col. Stephen Trigg. His only son, William, was a Burgess from Botetourt before the war of the Revolution. When the war arose he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia Regiment, of which his wife's brother, Patrick Henry, was colonel. Soon, however, he became colonel of militia, and as such led a large body of

men, in 1776, against the Cherokee Indians. In 1780 he commanded another expedition against the Cherokees, and in 1781 was appointed by Gen. Greene at the head of a commission to conclude a treaty with the Indians. In 1785 he removed to Kentucky, settled near Louisville, and in the next year fell a victim to a savage incursion, when only forty-three years of age.

The father of Gen. Andrew Pickens, of revolutionary fame, was one of the first justices of Augusta County, and the son was taken while a boy by his parents to South Carolina. There he founded a distinguished and widely known family. Gen. Henry Lee, in his "Memoirs of the War," eulogizes Gen. Pickens as one of the great and good men of his era. Closely allied with him was Maj. Andrew Hamilton. Born in the Valley, of Scotch-Irish parents, in 1741, Maj. Hamilton removed to South Carolina in 1765, and there spent a long and eventful life. His descendants are Simonds, Waties, Calhouns, Alstons, and others.

Col. Samuel McDowell, son of John who was killed by Indians in 1742, followed the tide of emigration to Kentucky. He was prominent in Virginia, but in Kentucky he achieved distinction, or had it thrust upon him. His descendants in the West and also in Virginia are very numerous. His brother James was the grandfather of the late eloquent Gov. James McDowell, of Virginia, a full-blooded Scotch-Irishman, and a man personally honored by a political friend and political foe alike.

Archibald Alexander, called *Erschel* by his contemporaries, older brother of the teacher, Robert, came from Ireland, through Pennsylvania, like all the rest, and settled in Borden's grant. He and John Houston went to Pennsylvania in search of Rev. John Brown, and brought him to Virginia. He was a captain in the Sandy Creek expedition in 1756, and first high sheriff of Rockbridge. His descendants, of many names and widely scattered, are almost as numerous as the leaves in Timber Grove. The eminent Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, long of Princeton, N. J., was one of his grandsons.

Alexander McNutt, lieutenant of Capt. Alexander's company in the Sandy Creek expedition, was a unique character. He was called *Governor* McNutt, under the erroneous impression that he was Governor of Nova Scotia in colonial times. He, however, resided for some years in that province, and was actively employed in introducing Scotch-Irish settlers after the expulsion of the Acadian French. When the Revolutionary War arose he came home and

age he removed to Southwest Virginia, the region called the "Holston," and there spent the remainder of an active and honorable life. His son, Col. John B. Campbell, of the regular army of the United States, participated in the battle of Chippewa, in 1814.

William Campbell, cousin of Arthur, was also born near Staunton, and was baptized by Mr. Craig September 1, 1745. He too emigrated to the Holston and remained there. Nothing more need be said of him than that he was the chosen leader of the men who won the battle of King's Mountain. The Valley claims two of the heroes of that memorable conflict, John Sevier being the other. Although of French Huguenot blood, Sevier was born and reared among the Scotch-Irish, and doubtless caught some of their spirit. William Campbell was made a brigadier general, but died before the close of the war, at the early age of thirty-six. He and his wife, a sister of Patrick Henry, had an only child, a daughter, who was the mother of William Campbell Preston, of South Carolina.

Two of this Campbell stock were Governors of States: David, of Virginia; and William B., of Tennessee. Indeed, there seems to have been an affinity between the Scotch-Irish and the office of Governor.

Benjamin Logan was another Valley boy, baptized May 3, 1743, went to the Holston when he came of age, and from thence to Kentucky at an early day. He was with Bouquet in 1764 and with Dunmore in 1774. In Kentucky he acquired great distinction, and a county was named for him. His son William, who became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Kentucky and a Senator of the United States, is said to have been the first white child born in that State.

The Rev. John Brown's two sons, John and James, grandsons of John Preston, also went to Kentucky. One of them became a United States Senator, and the other Senator and Minister to France.

Israel Christian was a merchant in Staunton and an Indian fighter when occasion required. He represented Augusta County in the House of Burgesses, and the father-in-law of Col. William Fleming and Christiansburg, and the father-in-law of Col. William Fleming, Judge Caleb Wallace, Col. William Bowyer, and Col. Stephen Trigg. His only son, William, was a Burgess from Botetourt before the war of the Revolution. When the war arose he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia Regiment, of which his wife's brother, Patrick Henry, was colonel. Soon, however, he became colonel of militia, and as such led a large body of

men, in 1776, against the Cherokee Indians. In 1780 he commanded another expedition against the Cherokees, and in 1781 was appointed by Gen. Greene at the head of a commission to conclude a treaty with the Indians. In 1785 he removed to Kentucky, settled near Louisville, and in the next year fell a victim to a savage Indian, when only forty-three years of age.

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joined the American army. He seems to have been something of a religious enthusiast. While living in Nova Scotia, he attempted to found a settlement to be called "New Jerusalem." It is presumed that he lost his real estate in the province; but, nevertheless, before his death he executed a deed conveying 100,000 acres in trust for Liberty Hall Academy, "for the support of public lectures in said seminary on man's state by nature and his recovery by free and unmerited grace through Christ Jesus." It is unnecessary to say that Liberty Hall did not get the land. He never married, but his collateral descendants are numerous in Rockbridge County.

The name "Gamble" is associated with the siege of Londonderry, one of the family having died there at that time. Robert Gamble, grandson of the immigrant to the Valley, was born in Augusta County in 1754, and received a good education at Liberty Hall Academy. Soon after coming of age he was appointed lieutenant in the continental army, and speedily rose to be captain. As we have seen, he was with Wayne on the Hudson in 1779, and he was elsewhere engaged with his command near the person of Washington. His wife was the daughter of John Grattan, a prominent citizen of the Valley, who is described by his connection (Gov. George Gilmer) as a Scotch-Irishman of the old Covenant faith and practice, noted for his love of David's Psalms in long meter and his long prayers at family worship. After the war Col. Gamble, as he was then called, located in Richmond as a merchant, and while he lived commanded universal respect. He left two worthy sons and two daughters, one of the latter the wife of William Wirt, and the other the wife of William H. Cabell, who was successively Governor and Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Dr. Cary B. Gamble, a distinguished physician of Baltimore, is one of Col. Gamble's grandsons.

In October, 1783, a large party of Scotch-Irish people started from Staunton to go to Kentucky by the long and dangerous route of the "Wilderness Road." They were Trimble, Allens, Moffetts, and others. Each man and boy carried a rifle and each woman a pistol. One of the emigrants left a list of the books that they took along: two Bibles, half a dozen Testaments, the Catechism and Confession of Faith, and Rouse's Psalms. James Knox, called General Knox in Kentucky, a native of Augusta County and one of the famous "long hunters" of Kentucky, met the travelers on the way, and to him the command of the expedition was intrusted. He conducted the party safely to the promised land. One matron

carried an infant in her arms and an older child behind her on the horse. The boy thus transported developed into a Governor of Ohio. His name was Allen Trimble.

John Allen, born here in Rockbridge County, educated for the bar in Staunton by Judge Archibald Stuart, was in Kentucky the rival of Henry Clay. He was killed at the head of his regiment at the river Raisin.

Archibald Stuart, Samuel Blackburn, and James Breckinridge were the only prominent Scotch-Irish lawyers of their day who lived and died in the Valley. Judge Stuart was the father of the late distinguished Alexander H. H. Stuart. Gen. Blackburn had no child. Gen. Breckinridge's descendants are numerous and highly respected in Botetourt and elsewhere.

I should like to speak of Whitley, a native of Rockbridge, who, after fighting Indians in Kentucky for many years, volunteered in the war of 1812, and was killed in the battle of the Thames, having first, as is believed, killed the celebrated Indian chief, Tecumseh.

Time fails me to tell of the Robertsons, McClungs, McKees, Estills, Poages, Kinkeads, Stuarts, Hamiltons, and others—all of our Scotch-Irish Valley stock—who gained renown and founded families in Kentucky. Of them, and others like them, it may almost be said in the language of Scripture, they "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises."

Two recent historians have fallen into the mistake of saying that the early settlers of Kentucky came from North Carolina. With few exceptions they were from the Valley of Virginia.

The historian Parkman, referring to the class of men nurtured by the advancing frontier of American civilization, says: "The best examples have, perhaps, been found among the settlers of Western Virginia, and the hardy progeny who have sprung from that generous stock. The Virginia frontiersman was, as occasion called, a farmer, a hunter, and a warrior by turns. . . . Many of his traits have been reproduced in his offspring. From him have sprung those hardy men whose struggles and sufferings on the bloody ground of Kentucky will always form a striking page in American history."

I must not omit to mention, but can do no more, Gen. Sam Houston, of San Jacinto, and Gov. Alexander McNutt, of Mississippi. They were born and nurtured here in Rockbridge County, and were in most respects genuine specimens of their race. Nor can I omit to name Zachariah Johnson, the Revolutionary soldier and representative from the Valley in the State Legislature and State

Convention of 1788, the personification of Scotch-Irish sense and stern integrity. Gen. Andrew Moore and his brother William are worthy of special mention. Both were Revolutionary soldiers, and the former was a member of the State Legislature, of the State Convention of 1788, of the United States House of Representatives, and of the United States Senate. And lastly, there is "Honest" John Letcher, the war Governor of Virginia, an intense Scotch-Irishman in most of his characteristics.

Many prominent people in various parts of the country have verified the adage that "Virginia is a first-rate place to be born in, provided you leave it early." The descendants of early settlers in the Valley who located on poor lands and remained there sank into poverty and degenerated in every respect, while individuals of the same families who went west and took up better lands advanced in wealth and culture and social position. Quite recently a gentleman from one of the Western States called to see me. He had come to visit the ancestral homestead and the kith and kin that adhered to the soil. He was an intelligent man, and to all appearance in prosperous circumstances; but said that he found his kinsmen in a remote region very poor and very ignorant, but still retaining some memories of early times.

I have called the names of many persons historically the more prominent of their race. A vast number of others, personally as worthy, are unmentioned, it may be unsung, but not unhonored. The men of the immigration to the Valley were only a few hundred. Their descendants are now a host, thousands upon thousands, dwelling in every part of our land and even in foreign lands. Not long ago a man in New Zealand sent for a copy of the inscription on a tombstone in one of our old Valley graveyards. The far off wanderers are inquiring for the homes and graves of their ancestors. May they not only cherish the memory of their forefathers, but emulate their virtues!

The foreigner who formed his opinion of our country and people from the daily newspapers would believe that the people were mostly felons, and the country a Sodom doomed to destruction. But go through this county of Rockbridge, and call at one and another of the homes of her rural population. Each farm owner and master of a family will receive you, if assured of your respectability, with manly courtesy. You will find him plainly dressed, and with hands hardened by labor. He understands his business, and knows something about everything of public interest. He is a "good judge of

a horse," and a better judge of a sermon.* He has been a student of Washington College. His wife, although, alas! nowadays "cumbered about much serving," has been a pupil of Ann Smith Academy. You remain to the evening meal. There is no Dandy Dinner profusion, but enough, and everything good of its kind. Then, in very many cases, will be reacted on a higher plane the scene described by Burns in "The Cotter's Saturday Night:"

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;

He wales a portion with judicious care;

And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

The thousands of such households in our land, of whatever origin or race, constitute the salt that saves the body from corruption.

"The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us, neither forsake us."

*The pastor of a wealthy church in New York City once remarked to me that he could much more easily please his people than one of our Scotch-Irish congregations.